

TONY's Lamentation:

OR,
POTAPSKI's City-Cafe;

BEING

His Last Farewel to the Consecrated WHIGS:

The Tune is, *Let Oliver now be forgotten.*



Alas! poor Unfortunate TONY,
where now must thou hide thy old head?
That has not so much as one Crony
dares own the great things thou hast said:
Is this the thanks of the Nation,
For thy Association,
And Liberty,
That Reformation,
— which I prescrib'd to set you all free.

Ungrateful unsensible Cullies,
to leave your Decripp'd Patroon,
Toth' merciless rage of the Bullies,
and Tories in every Lampoon:
Is then your City protection,
And all the vow'd Affection,
For your New Church,
In such Destruction,
That you will leave your Peer in the Lurch.

How oft have I treated the Rabble,
and made the poor Doctor to Peach?
Confusion to all which were able,
and did not assist in the Breach:
Are all your Butchers and Weavers,
And Mobbily Believers,
But whilst I treat
Damn'd deceivers,
What Fool by you can hope to be great?

How much did you praise and adore me,
for Voting No Tork, No Lawn Sleeves?
And now to please those which abhor me,
have set up two Protestant Shrieffs:
If Oats should peach, Ple assure ye,
You'll hardly find such a Jury,
As I have done,
Think of the Fury,
He once dicharg'd in Pickerings Gun.

Remember the Key-hole, and Lin'd too,
through which your Divine bravely swore,
And think of the thing was design'd too,
then tell me whose Vizage it wore:
Were these such petty Inventions,
And what the Authors did since,
To be forgot,
Where's your Conscience?
If this can be, sure Natures a Scot.

Then farewell thou Treacherous City,
for ever I'll bid thee adieu,
Thou never wert Honest and Witty,
nor never to any side true:
I see the end that you drive at,
Which left your hopes arrive at,
I have sunk away,
To Hang in private,
And rob the World of a Holliday.